

The Evening World

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WILL THE NATION SUBMIT TO IT?

STARVATION, loss and stagnation are scheduled to take their grip upon the country at 7 o'clock next Monday morning unless the leaders of the railroad brotherhoods are handed a "satisfactory settlement."

Already the railroads are issuing embargo notices affecting shipments of livestock and perishable freight. Cities are anxiously taking stock of their food resources. Manufacturers are calculating how long they can run their plants if transportation ceases and supplies can no longer be delivered. Business men are dreading the disastrous effects of halted trains and undelivered mails. Wage earners face the possibility of losing their jobs. Families are menaced with shortage of necessities.

Calamity on this incalculable scale actually imminent—threatening 100,000,000 innocent men, women and children—for what reason?

No railroad employee has been starved or threatened with starvation. No railroad employee need be any the worse off—nor his wife and children—for a continuance of present railroad conditions pending an adjustment. No railroad employee has suffered or is suffering a thousandth part of the loss and hardship his union leaders are ready to impose upon other American citizens and workers.

The situation is preposterous.

Is a whole nation to be trampled upon merely that an organization may demonstrate its strength?

Not only should Congress act to stop this strike, but it should also take steps to impose heavy penalties upon men who use their power to alarm the country and disrupt its business.

GERMANY SEES THE DANGER.

A MEASURE of the significance of Roumania's entrance into the European conflict is to be found in the quick shake-up of the German General Staff which involves the dismissal of Gen. Falkenhayn, Chief of Staff, and the elevation of Field Marshal von Hindenburg to the position of supreme command.

According to report, the von Hindenburg policy calls for the prompt transfer of German troops to aid the Austrians in the defense of Transylvania. In this view of the situation the hero of Tannenberg appears to catch the anxious instinct not only of the Kaiser but of the German nation.

On the Anglo-French and Russian fronts the opposing forces have each other by the throat with grips that time and practice have made almost rigid. But the strength of Austria-Hungary is not what it was. Italy and Russia have both shown that Austrian armies can be made to yield to pressure. If Roumania with a fresh fighting force were to push through Transylvania, opening the way to a great allied drive into Hungary and Austria, Germany might well tremble for her southeastern frontiers.

No wonder Germany wants Transylvania barricaded with all the thoroughness her strongest General can bring to the job. If the Austrian defense turns flabby, Roumania is in a position to lay bare the weakest flank of the Central Powers to allied blows.

TROPICAL HARBORS.

THE fate of the Memphis and a score or more of her crew at San Domingo is a grim reminder of the perils of harbors in hurricane latitudes.

According to the early reports the water where the ship had anchored was perfectly smooth at 3 P. M. It was only an hour and a half later when the terrific seas drove the cruiser ashore. Admiral Pond's despatches clearly state that the Memphis had steam up and was doing her best to push out into the open sea when her main steam pipe burst and left her at the mercy of the giant wave—perhaps raised by a slight earthquake—which dashed her upon the rocks of the outer harbor. The gunboat Castine, by desperate efforts, forced her way out to sea and escaped, though not without smashed lifeboats and crippled steering gear.

Tropical harbors have often been the scene of such havoc and such struggles—the most terrible in this generation being still the Samouan disaster in March, 1889, when a hurricane accompanied by heavy tidal waves in the harbor of Apia swept two American warships, the Trenton and Vandalia, on a coral reef, where they were beaten to pieces, beached the Nipise and wrecked two German cruisers with great loss of life. Of all the warships in that ill-fated anchorage only the British Calliope managed to get up steam and beat to sea.

In the hurricane track, among low-lying coral isles, the harbor loses its character as a shelter in the time of storm. Wise the captain who is never tempted even by a fair barometer to let his steam go down.

The New York Coffee Exchange changed its name this week to the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange. No cream, thanks.

Hits From Sharp Wits

How happy we might be with our theories if there were no facts.—Toledo Blade.

The best time for a man to acquire a reputation for absolute truthfulness is after he has been a long time dead.—Albany Journal.

A good memory consists in being able to forget the things that you should not remember.—Macon News.

An exchange in answer to a correspondent says he will be "perfectly safe in getting married on Saturday, or any other day." It seems to us that paper is assuming a lot of responsibility.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

He who "butts in" is always in danger of being made the goat.—Des Moines News.

Some persons believe all that they hear and then add something to it.—Albany Journal.

"Put On Steam!"

By J. H. Cassel



Ellabelle Mac Doolittle

By Bide Dudley

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THE Women's Betterment League of Delhi has decided to support Mayor Cyrus Perkins Walker in his race for re-election. This practically assures the Mayor of his position as Chief Executive for two years more, since there is no factor in Delhi politics that can compare in strength to the League. The decision was made at a meeting held in Huger Hall last night in which Ellabelle Mac Doolittle, the Delhi poetess, was a powerful influence.

When the meeting was called to order by Mrs. Ellisha Q. Pertie, Promptress of the League, it was by no means a cliché that Mayor Walker would be favored by the organization. Anti-Walker influences were at work. The Mayor was called to the rostrum. "My dear friends," he began, "in this world of sorrow and strife there are times when we must all pull together, and—"

"Pull at a bottle, he means," said a voice half way back in the hall. "Who said that?" demanded Promptress Pertie.

"Bailey Cooney," said Mrs. Skeeter O'Brien.

The Mayor held up one hand. "Will Constable Police Brown kindly escort Mr. Cooney out?" he said.

A fight followed, in which the Constable was knocked down four times, but he succeeded in subduing his man by promising to get him two ducks to the circus due here next week.

It was then that Miss Doolittle became the keynote of the entire situation. She arose and said:

"I shall read you a poem touching on this subject. Here goes!" The rhyme, original with the poetess, follows:

Major Walker is up for reelection. We should give him our best wishes. He is quite well known in this section. He is a very fine fellow. A very kind man is Mayor Walker. He is a very fine fellow. A very kind man is Mayor Walker. He is a very fine fellow. A very kind man is Mayor Walker.

No man can marry all the girls who tell him they expect to die old maids.—Toledo Blade.

Knowing the business "from the ground up" is only half of aviation; you gotta know it down again.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

"Don't eat meat in summer," advises a health authority. At prevailing prices most folks will follow the advice.—Des Moines News.

A woman will devote three hours to washing and fooling around a rubber plant and then give her husband a lecture on the value of time when he spends twenty minutes in cleaning a good, honest pipe.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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THE first consistent optimist was Ananias. A man who knows his own heart, my Daughter, is rarer than a fresh egg in January and more astonishing than a new joke in a comic magazine.

Don't waste time trying to shatter a man's vanity; be satisfied if you can just manage to chip it a little around the edges.

A man's idea of "diplomacy" is to do just as he chooses and then go off and stay away from a woman until her indignation is completely forgotten in her anxiety to know whether he is dead or alive.

If "the difference between friendship and love is about two weeks," then the difference between love and ennui is usually—the next two weeks.

The only road to happiness is via the Love Route; but most men insist so strenuously on a stop-over ticket with privileges for all the little side-excursions that they never reach their destination.

A man who couldn't be mangled by a woman's most incisive arguments can always be crushed by her dead silence.

Oh, yes, there is a vast difference between a "bachelor" and an "unmarried man;" but only the girl who has tried to play on the susceptibilities of the two knows its full significance.

When it comes to marrying, many an angel rushes in where even a fool might know enough not to tread.

Divorce is a terrible thing, but as a rejuvenator it seems to rank right along with New Thought and facial surgery.

Why Do We Have Two Eyes?

BECAUSE we have two eyes the things we see seem solid and not flat, with the result that we can judge their distance from us with fair correctness, says Popular Science Monthly. Look through a window at a house across the street with one eye closed and then with the other eye closed. The bars of the window frame will cut across the opposite house in different places. The two fields seen with the eyes separately, although in the main alike, differ.

To endeavor to forget any one is the certain way to think of nothing else.—LA BRUYERE.

Icelanders in America.

THE first colony of Icelanders to establish themselves on the American continent arrived at Lake Rousseau Aug. 30, 1872, and began the pioneer Canadian settlement of their people. This was the beginning of a considerable immigration of Icelanders to America. The first party consisted of more than 150 men, women and children, but only about a dozen families settled in the Canadian colony. The remainder scattered over Canada and a few went on to Wisconsin. Since

For the School Girl's Trunk

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IT is time to think about getting the girls ready for school and college. "I cannot afford a big wardrobe, but I want my daughter to look as nice as her schoolmates. Please tell me what I ought to pack into her trunk. Does she need a tailored suit?" asks one mother.

A tailored suit is not an absolute necessity, but it would look dresy for church and many other occasions. However, the sport coat, if not too striking, could do service for general wear during the early fall. On the campus or for neighboring walks the sweater is a necessity. To wear later in the season there should be a warm coat. For dressy wear, with fur, it is not so tailored suit, one of the new dressy coats is nice. A separate coat is a necessity to wear with the one piece dress. The new capes are decidedly comfortable and probably will be seen in large numbers on every college campus. One of these might be substituted for the separate coat.

The girl will need a strong walking skirt, and now that separate skirts are in such demand the shops are showing large assortments. A plain serge or serviceable and then there are smart checks and pretty plaids that are both modish and serviceable. To wear with these there should be as many blouses as your purse permits. For classroom wear there should be a few smocks. These have superseded the middie in favor and are very popular with the college girl. For dressy occasions there should be a white or flesh colored blouse, which may be of silk or crepe de chine. One of the new plaid silk waists would be pretty, and the girl there should be a few soft crepe blouses, either light or dark colored.

For the small class affairs the prettiest dresses of the past summer will do. There should be at least one evening dress and for dressy occasions a one-piece silk or crepe dress is necessary. If laundry bills are a matter of consideration select blouses that can be cleaned by the wearer. There may be a further saving by getting the crepe lingerie which requires no ironing. Of course there must be a dainty negligee and a comfortable bath robe. Silk petticoats are preferable to the white, that must be constantly laundered. Lace trimmings should be avoided, as the average laundry plays speedy havoc with these delicate trimmings.

In hosiery the x-ray is now preferred by most women. Of course there should be a few of those new fancy silk stockings to wear with the pumps. If the girl cannot mend her own stockings and cannot afford to have them done by the menders who are found in every college, let her send them home to mother each week. In shoes there should be a pair of stout walking shoes. In dressy boots and pumps the purse limitations must decide the quantity. Of course there must be evening slippers, boudoir slippers and a pair of "mules" to go with the bathrobe.

A veil and scarf should be tucked into the trunk, and for the winter days a woollen cap. Do not forget a few wash cloths and good bath towels. Gloves, hats and neck accessories can be regulated by the purse.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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THE two friends had dropped into Mrs. Jarr's parlour to see what time it was. Mr. Jarr was in a most gloomy mood. "Don't," he said, "do anything I can think of to please Mrs. Jarr, but to hear her you'd think I was the worst guy that ever lived. I now what's the matter—I've been too good to her and she only imposes on me."

"Not on the self-pity stuff, Jarr," said Mr. Jarr, in a patronizing tone. "The trouble with you is that you don't understand women. I never have any quarrels or misunderstandings with my wife at all. It is very simple, if you have just a little forbearance."

"Just because I said I didn't want to go to church," interrupted Mr. Jarr, "never to air all his sorrows. Then you tell me why people who think they are so pious only have piety as an excuse to raise a row? Wasn't it better for me to be truthful and honest about it, and if I didn't want to go to church to say so? But I spoke up like a man—and I got a bawling out."

"Let me tell you how I work it, and after this you do the same," said Mr. Jarr. "Well, along about Thursday Mrs. Jarr will see a preacher go by or read about a fashionable wedding, and that will put church in her mind, and she'll say, 'We're getting to be regular heathens. We never go to church, and that's a terrible example to the children. But I suppose it's no use talking to you, you wouldn't go to church, no matter what I'd say.'"

"That's how it all began with us," murmured Mr. Jarr, "and now my wife isn't speaking to me."

"That's because you were hoob enough to say right out you didn't want to go to church," replied Mr. Jarr. "You should have said: 'Nothing will please me better, my dear, let us go to church Sunday.'"

"What good would that do? I wouldn't go to church when the time came," said Mr. Jarr.

"But it would put off the row till the time came, and the chances are ten to one your wife would forget it, or she'd be expecting company Sunday, or she'd be up late Saturday night and wouldn't want to get out early to church. Anyway, always say yes to a woman, especially in the case of far-ahead propositions."

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A Mother's Vacation

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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A YOUNG man writes as follows: "There are a great many mothers in this city who have raised a large family and who have had a hard struggle for many years, and in some cases where there are younger children they will have it hard for a few years more."

"These mothers work hard year in and year out without taking a vacation, and although in many cases their children and husbands are willing to see them go away for a while and have a good rest and, in some instances, the children are even willing to bear the expenses of such a trip, the mothers seem to think that they cannot be got along without. This is a mistaken idea in a way, because, if, as often happens, the mother is taken ill or passes to her reward in the next world, her family manages to get along without her."

"The state of facts in my own home are as I have set them forth above. This morning as I rode in the subway with a friend of mine, I asked her how her mother was feeling and she said, 'Not very well.'"

"She said: 'We (meaning her family) have been trying to get her to go away for a vacation, but she simply won't go because she thinks we can't get along while she's away.' The situation was almost identical with the one in which I find myself. I have insisted on my mother (an educated woman who knows what benefits come from a little recreation of this sort) going away for a couple of weeks, and she won't go. I have expenses, but just as I think I have persuaded her to go, she decides not to."

"These mothers are what some people might call old-fashioned, but I think if an article was written on this subject it would tend to show them what benefits could be derived from a vacation or the vacation stay at the seashore or country."

There is value in this young man's statement. It is a fact that many mothers get into a rut—the rut of mother-importance.

They have gone along for a long time, seeing to every little thing, so that the very idea of leaving is appalling to them. They are afraid that things will go wrong; that the wants of

those they love will not be filled; that they alone can keep things moving in the way they should go. The fact is that no person in the world that cannot be replaced—mother. Yet too often does she take her value so to heart that she sacrifices herself unnecessarily.

She thinks she is looking ahead for her family by not taking the vacation that she ought to have. This more often is fear-thought instead of forethought.

Except where there are very small children, a mother should take a vacation just as any other member of the family. There is a lot to be learned to learn from the mother bird. She does not stay "on the job" all the time, while her offspring are learning to fly.

She teaches them; she helps; she stays by them until they can use their wings; but she inspires self-confidence and self-reliance by leaving them to their own resources. She occasionally, even while they are strengthening their wings.

It is all folly for a mother to think that everything will go wrong when she leaves; and suppose a few minor matters are neglected while she is gone, the children will probably go on just the same and things will be adjusted.

I know a mother who had never had a vacation for eighteen years and the children were well able to take care of themselves. In fact, she had a perfect horror of how the household duties would proceed without her. Finally this woman did go away to visit some relatives and had a very good time. When she came back, she had a much better time when she returned, since these children realized FOR THE FIRST TIME what it meant to get on without her.

Where before they had taken her work as a matter of course and therefore placed little value on it, they realized during the time she was gone how necessary she was to their well-being and what a difference it made in everything when she was gone.

It was like a new home. Each member of the family sought to alleviate her burdens, because they realized more than ever her REAL WORTH. Every mother OWES IT TO HERSELF as well as to her family to get away for a brief recreation whenever it is possible.

If Washington Had Been King

IF George Washington had given his assent to the plans of the post-revolutionary Royalists who wanted to establish an American kingdom, with Washington as monarch, and the people had permitted the setting up of a monarchical form of government, and the Crown had been perpetuated in the House of Washington, who would now be the King—or more likely the Emperor—of the United States?

Since Washington had no children, it is probable that the crown would have passed to the Lewis family, as Bettie Washington, sister of the "Father of His Country," married Col. Fielding Lewis, and by this union established a family which to-day claims the closest relationship to the first President.

The genealogy of the Lewis tribe shows that Col. Fielding Lewis, brother-in-law of Washington, had a son, also named Fielding; that the latter had a son Charles, whose son, it

George Washington Lewis, was the father of John Calvin Lewis, the man who might have been the twentieth century monarch of an American empire.

John Calvin Lewis was born Aug. 30, 1843, in Lebanon, Tenn., where he spent his boyhood. A Southerner with the South when the Civil War broke out, and he enlisted as a private in a Tennessee regiment. He took part in a number of engagements, including Appomattox, and then went to Louisville, where he was for some years a railway ticket agent, later becoming a well-to-do merchant.

The project for establishing a new kingdom in America, with the commander of the revolutionary army on the throne, was hatched soon after the war was over, and a number of army officers were involved in the movement. Washington was indignant when informed of this scheme, and promptly put his foot down on it.